

This Issue will Interest all Athletes

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Publisher.

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Photo by Gore: Milwaukee

CAROLYN HAESTIS.

SHE AND HER \$3,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS ARE WITH THE "Mlle. 'AWKINS" COMPANY.



RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, November 22, 1902

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.THE POLICE GAZETTE
For 13 Weeks--\$1.00

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

The Four Emperors of Music report their
success with the Reilly & Woods Show.Isle Goodwin, character dancer, has joined
"Joshua Simpkins" Company for the season.The Kates Brothers are making a success as
leading feature with the Great Barlow Minstrels.Doc Ad. Darge is back from Mexico, where
he looked Mlle. Volland and her sensational dancers.Raymond and Caverly, Dutch comedians, are
one of the laughing hits with the Empire Vaudeville.McMahon and Chappelle have closed on the
circuit, where they were successful, and have
return dates.The vaudeville acts of Gussie and Charley
Barton are one of the pleasing features of the Vernon
Stock Company.The Roy and La Vanlon have been engaged as
special vaudeville feature with the Bennett & Moul-
stock Company.At S. Jerome, the Hebrew character come-
dian, is now in his eighth week with the "Devil's
Daughter" Company.Kate Thompson and La Serida report success
in their new comedy act, touring Vermont, with the
American Troubadours.John A. Kelley, magician, late of Lowery
Brothers' Show, joins the Victor Stock Company,
Nov. 10, to do his cabinet mystery.The Musical Goolmans are in their twelfth
week as a feature with the Leon Herrmann Company,
report meeting with fine success.Ckhoff and Gordon are with Rice & Barton's
City Company this season, and their musical comedy
is one of the features of a strong bill.Joseph Mack, comedian and dancer, is in his
eighth week with the Welles' Comedy Company.
He will be known in future as Joseph MacNichol.Guy Fritts, formerly of the team of Fritts and
Marks, has joined hands with Billy Wallace. This
team is now a special feature with Tom Lennon's Big
Company.While playing Rochester, N. Y., Rose Carlin,
Ried and Gilbert and the Three Lane Sisters, of the
City Club Company, were specially engaged to play for
the Eureka Club.J. Bernard Dyllin, who is playing "Moonlight
Ike" in Pat Reilly's "The Funny Page," is introducing
a topical song, written for him by Frank Bryan, en-
titled "Lake Teddy Did."Mlle. Ordier has finished an engagement of
thirty weeks over the Western circuits, and opened at
the Odeon Theatre, Baltimore, for an engagement of
eight weeks in the stock.Terrill and Simon have closed with Watson's
Oriental Burlesquers, and have joined Mullen & Dunn's
"My Friend Hogan" Company, playing parts and in-
troducing their specialty.Alice Porter, formerly of Armstrong and
Porter, with Harry Morris' Company, will be seen in a
comedy act in conjunction with Blanche Latell, of the
same company, at the close of this season.Julius Gems, formerly of Gems and Grayson,
musical comedians, who have dissolved partnership,
will be known hereafter as "The Musical Gem," and
will introduce a high-class comedy musical act.

PRETTY VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE

WHO IS WEDDED TO HER ART

HALTS TWICE AT MATRIMONY

No Golden Chains of Wedlock for Her Unless She Will be
Permitted to Remain on the Stage.

HERE'S A SOUBRETTE WHO IS A GOOD COOK.

Her Hungry Husband Wanted His Breakfast, so He Routed Her Out of a
Warm Bed With a Deluge of Ice Water.This particular vaudeville girl is wedded fast and
firm to her dear art, and so she has positively refused
to wed the wealthy Southern hotel man to whom
she has been twice engaged.She has been kept very busy of late sending out an-
nouncements to the effect that she wouldn't marry be-cause her heart, had the pitcher filled with soapuds and re-
turned it. Whereupon "Babe" threw a fit and fainted.She is in New York now, and she said she had some
clothes made for the wedding, but the dress she was to
have been married in won't be lost, as she will have
it made over for a stage dress and wear it in her act.

RESTING FOR THE SEASON.

This is the Popular Idea; But if the Lady was at Leisure She Would Probably be Riding in an Automobile.

cause the man who had won a quarter section of her
heart was so unreasonable that he wanted her to give
up the glitter and glamour of the stage and settle down
to a humdrum hotel existence in Atlanta.Just think of her walking about the corridors of a
hotel, shaking a bundle of keys and seeing that the
chambermaids did their work properly!She told him she wouldn't live in Atlanta if she had
a mansion, as she had not seen enough of life, and pre-
ferred to caper before the footlights for a few years to
come. Thus ends the romance.The lady and the man met in Atlanta two years ago
while she was doing a vaudeville act. It was a case of
love at first sight, and he proposed to her before the
close of the week.An incident of their courtship was somewhat sur-
prising to her. One night after the performance she
sent a huge pitcher to her fiancé, accompanied by
this note:

Fill this bucket with suds and send it back full.

BABE.

The stupid man, not being conversant with the pop-
ular term for a yellow beverage dear to the German

A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

A gold medal for the best mixed drink, and gold
coins for the next three. Keep your eye on page 11
and let us hear from your ambitious knights of the bar.She said she had a telegram from the South the other
day, and all it said was: "I am heartbroken.""Heartbroken," she said. "N't. Not on your life.
If he thought anything of me he would put me on the
road at the head of my own company."To be sure he would. Any man would. I should be
inclined to consider the matter myself if I didn't have
a wife, a kindergarden and a pair of healthy bull
terriers to provide for.That fellow in the South evidently has no soul, or
else he doesn't know how to love New York city style.She is such a pretty, plump, little person, too, and to
hear her sing is enough to make any ordinary man for-
get he has a home.

Here is trouble.

Trouble in chunks.

True love chilled by ice water.

What could be more shocking?

The passionate love of a red-lipped Sappho would
look like an icicle in thirty minutes if it got a jolt like
that.If you have a charming wife, and are inclined to be
aggressive, you want to read this, because by doing so
you may be inclined to mend your ways and avoid that
lawyer's visit which generally bodes ill for a married
man.

The lady in this case, who is pretty and piquant, and

who wants to resume her maiden name, need not be
mentioned. She is well known on the stage, however,
and even in these columns she has been called a most
accomplished performer. If you will buy the GAZETTE
for the past two weeks you may see a particularly good
picture of her, but, of course, that has nothing to do
with the story. It will do nothing more than satisfy
your curiosity.The harrowing story, divested of its legal verbiage,
begins from the trip the lady made to the altar.It was within a short time after that most interesting
event that she and her new spouse had a quarrel. The
weather was cold enough to make any woman wear
her furs—if she owned any. She was clad only in a
night robe, a filmy creation of fine linen and lace, and
ill-calculated to stand off the blasts of December, and
the climax came when he locked her in the bathroom
and left the flat.She was unable to make her escape from the bath-
room and after some hours of waiting was forced to
climb down the iron fire escape in scanty raiment and
in this manner arouse the sympathies of the janitor,
who unlocked the door of her flat for her.She prays the court to regard this as inhuman and
mentions that she caught a heavy cold from her en-
forced trip.Very naturally, who wouldn't. But the janitor says
he'll bet she would look swell in tights.At a later date she avers her husband took a trunk
strap as a means to evince his disapproval of her
actions and she says she was confined to her bed for
some days as a result.She also asserts that her husband systematically
failed to provide the necessary food for the household
and that he would absent himself for long periods at a
time to her discomfort. He employed a pitcher of ice
water in awakening her from a sound sleep at night in
order to cook a meal for him.She must have been a good
cook, at any rate, because any
man with a grain of common
sense wouldn't go to all of that
trouble for a pair of fried eggs
and a cannon-ball biscuit.She wants \$200 as counsel
fees—she ought to get \$2,000—
and a pension of \$500 a week.
And the man ought to be sen-
tenced to cook his own meals
and pour ice water down his
own back for the rest of his
life.The lady has the sympathy
of the POLICE GAZETTE.And now Annie Revere has
been landed in Weber and
Fleida. She was, until re-
cently, one of the Revere
Sisters, who toured the coun-
try doing songs and dances
and otherwise entertaining the
provincial public. But the
other Revere fell in love with
a fellow performer, a bag-
puncher of cleverness, and
there's nothing like matrimony
for breaking up a sister
team. Now little Annie has
the chance of her life, for she
is on Broadway, at least.That interesting competition
between those light-toed sisters-in-
law, La Lole Fuller and Ida
Fuller, is about to enter an-
other stage. Ida has again
forestalled La Lole by arrang-
ing to slip into New York
ahead of her—to do her electri-
cal gyrations here first.Ida Fuller's first husband
was a brother of La Lole and
the superintendent of her in-
tricate lightning appliances
and other mechanical effects
which had much to do with
the success of her dancing
novelties. There came a time
when brother and sister did
not dwell in the most idyllic
amity, and soon the wife of the
former was billed at the falls in
an act which La Lole declared
was an infringement upon
hers.It will be remembered that
some years ago, when Lole
was advertised to pose in
wreaths of electrical fire at
Koster & Bial's, Ida cut in
ahead of her by getting an en-
gagement at Mr. Hammer-
stein's Olympia. War was de-
clared between the twain, and
no truce has yet been signed nor is one likely to be.If they would only forgive each other and work as a
sister team what a go they would be.Mrs. Jimmy Barry, one of the most charming young
women of the vaudeville stage, has mapped out a new
act, the title of which is to be, "A Winner at Poker."
The idea is founded on facts, but Mrs. Barry positively
refuses to say just how much she really did win at a re-
cent memorable sitting.It is hardly necessary to state that she knows an ace
from a deuce, even in the dark, and that while other
actresses take to automobiles and yachts, she looks to
the great American game of draw for her diversion."Miss Ballet," said the manager, "you will have to pay
more attention to your costume. You didn't have hardly
enough clothes on in the chorus to make a gunwad.""Well," explained Miss Ballet, "I was late in arriving
at the theatre this evening, and it was time to go on,
and I just slipped on the first thing that was handy.""What was that?" sarcastically inquired the man-
ager. "A banana peel?"FOR DOG FANCIERS.
"The Dog Pit," the most reliable work published,
contains the "Police Gazette" rules. Price, 25 cents.
Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., New York.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT---A Charming Queen of Burlesque---Order in Advance

JOCKEYS EARN FORTUNES

BY EXEMPLARY WORK ON THE PIGSKIN,

AND LIVE LIKE PRINCES

But in Nine Times Out of Ten, Through Their Lavish Spending,
They go Down and Out and Wind up Broke.

SOME NOTABLE INSTANCES OF HIGH LIVING.

But There Are a Few of the Wise Ones Who Plant a Little of the Big Money
in Long Woolen Socks For a Rainy Day.

"Well, I see," remarked the bookie with a big bank roll, "that a couple of good jockeys are on the rocks on the other side, but it only follows out what I've always said about the kids. Take the case of Tod Sloan, for instance. Four years ago this fall, at a time when he was able to climb aboard a \$250 horse and with the aid of a caressing cluck and a pair of hands that no woman's or blind person's ever equalled for delicacy or sensitiveness, make the skate run over and disgrace smashing fields of stake animals worth their five figures apiece, I took my little turn at trying to hurl one or two of the wise lines into him.

"How much a day does it cost you and yourself to live?" I asked him one night in the Rajah's suite of the Broadway hotel where he was stopping.

"Bout two hundred—sometimes more," said he, blowing a smoke wreath from a cigar that was big enough and black enough to paralyze the digestion of a roustabout coon on a Mississippi river steamboat. He had those cigars, the same kind that the King of England used to smoke when he was Prince of Wales, made for him in Cuba and they cost him \$500 a 1,000.

"Oh," said I. "Got a few pennies tucked away underneath the oilcloth on the top shelf of the cupboard, haven't you?" said I.

"I'm worth about a third of a million," said Tod.

"You are, hey?" said I. "Well, that's a pretty cute-looking stack of blues, ain't it? How long do you expect to go on riding?"

"Oh, until I'm older 'n Hickory Jim," replied the jock, impatiently. "Let's talk about something else."

"All right," said I; "but hold out a minute. What you want to do is to get up to-morrow morning in time for an early breakfast and then you want to hike right down town and tie up about \$200,000 of that dough of yours in an annuity—soak it away so tight and hard that you'll never be able to loosen it up with a Gatling gun. That's what you want to do."

"He yawned and wondered if the last act of one of the girly-girly shows on Broadway was over yet."

"I was sitting alongside him one afternoon in a parlor car on the way to Sheephead track when no less a

advice bestowed on Tod. Even with all of his waste and extravagance, he was pretty close on to half a million to the good when he was told by the English turf authorities that it wouldn't be of any use for him to apply for a renewal of his riding license over there. And now it seems to be a good deal of a cinch that he's drifted on the lee shore.

"Jockeys and money don't seem to mingle any better than oil and water. I could count you on the fingers of one hand the ex-jocks of prominence in this country, who, when they were in the big way of business, had enough foxiness to put away a few bunches of the metal against the deluge; and, not counting the boys who are under the control of their fathers or responsible guardians, I could tab off on the fingers of both hands the jocks who, drawing big salaries and fees to-day, are planting even a good portion of it in the smokehouse.

"There is really nothing strange about the riding youngsters' prodigality or improvidence, or whatever you call it, when you take into consideration how little education most of them get. They are chucked on top of horses at an age when other lads of their years are collecting cigarette box-trunks and playing peg-top, and that knocks their chance for a bit of schooling.

"One of the most prominent jockeys in America—he's on the ground just now—can hardly read his name, and he can't write it. He's been getting an income of \$15,000 a year from a famous millionaire turfman for several years now, and making enough money out of the second and third calls on his services and his riding fees to carry his annual income up around \$50,000.

"Do you think that he has saved or is saving any money? Well, he may have a few thousand dollars—mere chicken feed in proportion to his earnings for years past—tucked away somewhere, but he hasn't got a dollar invested, except in launches and catboats and devil wagons and truck like that, which if sold wouldn't fetch in enough to live on for six months at the rate he has been living ever since he got near to the top of the bunch as a race rider.

"Only a few months ago the distressed little wife of a famous jock who was trying to get a mount or two up at Saratoga had to put up a job on him to get him to swear off drinking for a year before a priest. He took the pledge all right, and will probably stick to it, but it's too late for him.

"He had his chance for years and he let it get away from him. He has almost completely lost his form, except for occasional flashes, and he has to undergo miseries in order to get down to any sort of riding weight, whereas, if it hadn't been for his dissipation he would have been able to ride without any trouble as to weight for years yet.

"This jock is not much over 20 now, and he was an astonishingly fine horseman, pretty nearly as good a judge of pace as Tod himself was, and with a swell seat and pair of hands.

"One day down at Bennings a few years ago I saw him lift five horses first home out of his six mounts, with the sixth horse second, and he was riding against some of the best jocks in training on that afternoon, too. I'd hate to mention the amount of money that lad has frivoleed away during recent years, and yet I'd be willing to lay odds that he couldn't weave through his clothes to-night and break out a \$20 note.

"I had such a dreamy line of thinks the other afternoon when one of these ex-premier jocks braced me for a piker's marker that I had to snap myself awake so that I could go on doing business.

"Hey," he said to me, as he slouched up to my stool. "gimme a marker on that top horse for \$2, will you—I'm going to run it into a roll."

"I let him have the little piece of tick, and it was then that I fell into the doze and got to dreaming of the old days when that same boy used to sit astride the greatest horses in America like a statue, and, out of pure, boyish devilment, fetch them home in front in such tight finishes that his surname has ever since been tacked on to a grandstand finish.

"He was the wiz of all the wizards of the saddle in his day, and wise and dignified old men, owners of thoroughbred horses, used all but to grovel before him to get him to straddle their horses in big racks.

"The money poured in on him like a Bay of Biscay tide, and the right kind of Wall street tips came his way so regularly from rich men eager to gain his favor as a rider of their horses that out of the profusion alone of his wealth he was able to invest in \$250,000 worth of Harlem real estate.

"Where is the real estate? Oh, it's still up there. It's worth seven or eight times that much now.

"But he doesn't own enough of it to pot a toy geranium, and it's no wonder that I had a dream a-coming on the afternoon when he zephyred along and asked for a two-spot marker on a 20 to 1 skate that was beaten three days and a half in a six-furlong sprint.

"You remember Isaac Murphy, the greatest black

~~~~~  
**BARTENDER'S GOLD MEDAL**

~~~~~  
...a most beautiful specimen of the goldsmith's art, and the best new drink wins it. Other prizes in gold. New drinks published every week.

horse-rider that ever loved to sip the juice of a juniper through a straw? There was a black individual who was an M. H., master horseman, from the base of his heel to the top of his skys'.

"He was such an adept at his business that when he was all but blind drunk after a night of riot the trainers would lift him upon their horses, and, even when it looked as if he'd have to be tied on to a horse's back in order not to fall off, that pick of all the coons, away like a loped catamaran in a swash channel, would fetch his horse home by the length of a City of Mexico



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee

MABEL SHIPPACASSE.

Very Charming. Notwithstanding Her Name.

plaza—and then fall off, leering like an owl, and just able to tote his saddle and fixings to the clerk's scales to weigh out.

"Well, it was nothing but the ragtime life for Ike when he made his way to the summit, and he cake-walked through enough money to have bought himself one of the Thousand Islands, built a Roman villa with modern improvements on the same, and still have had enough left to take a gin swim in a tiled bathroom every day of his life.

"The day came when Isaac couldn't ride a raft in a millpond, much less a racehorse, and the last time I ever saw him was on Charles street in Baltimore, one winter's day, when he had his sack coat buttoned up around his neck with a safety pin, and wire in his shoes instead of strings.

"I stood for the humble ace-spot touch that he made and made it four better just for luck, and only a little while after that he cashed in down in dear old Georgia, where the sweet magnolias bloom.

"I ran in with a wise jock, though, the other morning. He used to be a pretty good boy in the saddle, although he never reached the premier class.

"All the same, when the time came for him to declare himself out of the Turkish baths and the fifteen-mile morning runs on country roads in quadruple sweaters to get himself down to weight, he had about \$75,000 hidden away in a long gray woolen sock that his mother had knit for him.

"He's in business now for himself and making money. Met him on an L train the other morning. He looked chipperish, groomed and all to the good.

"Hello," said I, "we don't see you at the tracks any more."

"What tracks?" he asked, with phony innocence.

"Stow that," said I. "At any of the tracks."

"Say, what would I go to the tracks for?" he asked me.

"Oh," said I, to draw him out, for I knew that he had only visited a race track twice since he stopped riding, "just to land on the good things that you hear about."

"Say," he said to me, twisting around in his seat, "lemme tell you something. I wouldn't bet on a horse race if the President of the jockey club and all the stewards and judges were to visit my house in the middle of the night for the purpose of telling me that they would disqualify every mutt that finished ahead of my 500-to-1 shot.

"Say," he added, nudging himself still closer to me. "If there'd be a match at a mile and a quarter arranged between Gold Heels, carrying a 74-pound boy and no lead pads, and old Bill Daly's Chiron, carrying a bale o' hay and two members of the Fat Men's Club, and you'd offer me 100 to 1 against Gold Heels' chance, I'd soak you with a half brick, and then run like thunder for fear I might be tempted to risk the price of two ounces punky hay smoking tobacco on the result.

"That's how good the game is with me, and that's no morning glory workout, either."

"Crafty boy, that," concluded the bookmaker, "and if all of 'em were like him it wouldn't be long before we had a breed of midget millionaires graduating from the saddle."

WHAT BOXERS DID

IN PRIVATE LIFE BEFORE

THEY WORE GLOVES

Previous Occupations of the
Exponents in Fistic Art.

WHEN THEY WORKED.

All Trades Represented in This List of
Champions and Others.

The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE who are deeply interested in the lives and the doings of boxers may enlarge the scope of their knowledge by a perusal of the following, which shows their previous occupations:

Heavyweights—James Jeffries, boilermaker; James J. Corbett, bank clerk; Robert Fitzsimmons, blacksmith; Gus Ruhlin, pressman; Peter Maher, cooper; Thomas J. Sharkey, sailor; "Kid" McCoy, farmer; Jim Jeffords, miner; Ed Dunkhorst, horseshoer; Joe Choynski, candymaker; Pete Everett, miner; Mike Conley, engineer; "Denver Ed" Martin, porter; Jim Hall, plasterer; Bob Armstrong, teamster.

Middleweights—Tommy Ryan, barkeeper; "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, cigarist; Tommy West, plumber; Dan Creedon, machinist; Joe Walcott, cabin boy; Al Weinig, plumber; George Gardner, boilermaker; Jack Root, brick mason; "Kid" Carter, blacksmith; Billy Stitt, blacksmith; Marvin Hart, plumber; Charley McKeever, engineer; Jack Bonner, miner; Dick O'Brien, candymaker; Tim Murphy, mineworker.

Welterweights—"Rube" Ferns, miner; Charley Burns, canvasser; Billy Smith, miner; Owen Ziegler, boilermaker; Charley Johnson, steamfitter; Matty Matthews, ironworker; Jack Bennett, steelworker; "Dutch" Thurston, shipping clerk; Al Neil, miner; Eddie Connolly, hotel keeper; Tommy Tracey, blacksmith; Mike Donovan, bookbinder; "Kid" McFarland, mattress maker; Paddy Fenton, farmer; Pat Sweeney, teamster; Tom Coughlin, ironworker.

Featherweights—Jack Daly, expressman; Willie Fitzgerald, promoter; "Spider" Kelly, saloonkeeper; Dal Hawkins, clerk; Young Corbett, laundryman; Terry McGovern, newsboy; Oscar Gardner, painter; Dave Sullivan, bellboy; Tim Callahan, newsdealer; "Kid" Broad, ironworker; Eddie Lenny, salesman; Aurelia Herrera, newsboy; Jack McClelland, carpet weaver; Billy Ryan, waiter; Benny Yanger, typesetter; Joe Bernstein, pawnbroker; Johnny Van Heest, ore trimmer; Solly Smith, liverman; Tommy White, agent; George Dixon, photographer; Johnny Burns, printer; Gus Bezenah, metalworker; Jack Hamilton, molder; Eddie Santry, harnessmaker.

Lightweights—Frank Erne, plumber; Joe Gans, oyster handler; Martin Duffy, plumber; Art Simms, bartender; Tim Kearns, salesman; "Kid" Lavigne, lumberman; Perry Queenan, longshoreman; Jack O'Brien, clerk; Jim Popp, watchmaker; Joe Leonard, waiter; Gene Bezenah, rolling mill helper; Frank Henneke, stone mason; "Kid" Ashe, newsboy; Emil Sanchez, waiter; Jack Burke, salesman; Young Gibbs, soapmaker; Jack Carrig, waiter; Ole Olsen, painter; Otto Sietoff, bartender; "Curly" Supples, clerk; Barney Furey, bill poster; "Spike" Sullivan, salesman; Gus Gardner, boilermaker; Patsy Haley, grocery clerk; Austin Rice, teamster; Hugh McPadden, news agent; Billy Gardner, cooper; Harry Lyons, oyster handler; Tommy Hogan, linean; Toby Irwin, clerk; Billy Murphy, tailor; Young Griffo, bartender; Tommy Fells, newsboy; Danny Dougherty, rope-maker; Clarence Forbes, filemaker; Johnny Ritchie, waiter; Morris Rauch, clerk; Harry Forbes, hackman; George Monroe, newsboy; Joe Tipman, glassblower; "Kid" McPadden, waiter; "Kid" O'Donnell, apprentice; "Freckles" O'Brien, newsboy; Joe Hirst, barber; Jack Lansing, ticket agent; Al Levy, newsboy; Tony Moran, barber; Billy Plimmer, cafe owner.

This Week's Illustrations

By throwing a bucket of lye in the face of a woman with whom she had quarreled, the wife of a miner of Shenandoah, Pa., destroyed the eyesight of two human beings—mother and child. The quarrel grew out of the recent coal strike.

To win a bet of a bicycle, the handsomest which could be made, a belle of Memphis, Tenn., made a flying ride through that city recently, clothed only in one long, white garment, her flowing tresses and her modesty. There was nothing really immodest about it, but it was rather unusual, and she won easily. Afterwards she is said to have remarked that she proposes to have a wheel worth at least \$1,000.

Of course the police had no right to enter a private house, and of course it was only a girlish prank, but when a certain officer of the law in charge of a station house in St. Louis received a note which informed him that the famous Midway was being out-Midwayed at a certain house, what else could he do but send a trio of his men to do their duty.

The girls who were doing the hula-hula act in an eminently respectable manner solely for the delectation of a few friends, were disagreeably surprised, embarrassed and astonished at the sudden and forcible entrance of the representatives of the law, and they took refuge in flight to an adjoining room, while the male members of the party remained to convince the bluecoats that a terrible mistake had been made and to show them the way to the street. In reporting to their superior officers they said it was a private show, but from what they had seen, it was a peach, just the same.

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**BOXING IS EASY**

~~~~~  
"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee

BIANCA WEST.

Yachting Girl; Good Looking and Very Clever.

wise one than Pittsburgh Phil tried to hand him the same kind of a steer. Phil's got a topheavy bundle salted away himself, so they say.

"The way you horse-riding people look at these things is too deep for me," said Smith to Sloan, "but it's a mighty comfortable thing to turn over in bed on a stormy night when the rain's beating against the windows and make a funny grin at the darkness and be able to say to yourself that you've got the game skinned coming and going and both ends from the middle no matter what happens, in the shape of an income that's just got to drift your way until they fold you away in your wooden overcoat.

"Get next, Tod, and play safety. Rig yourself out in one of these you-can't-break-me blankets, and you'll feel so good about it in a few years from now that you'll be making dents in your spinal column from patting yourself on the back over the fact that you got wise in time."

"But nix, Phil nor nobody else ever got away with

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED---In Character or Uniform---FOR PUBLICATION IN POLICE GAZETTE



Photo by Sweet, Minneapolis.

NELLIE FOLLIS.

SHE IS IN "THE CHAPERONS" WHERE SHE SINGS MOST CHARMINGLY.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

SISTERS? OF COURSE.

THEY ARE THE PRINCES, AND THEIR SINGING AND DANCING HAS MADE THEM FAVORITES IN MANY THEATRES.



Photo by Hall, New York.

HOW DO I LOOK?

VERY NICE, MME. VAN KUREN, AND THAT IS THE REASON WE ARE USING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH IN THIS ISSUE.



Photo by Chickering: Boston.

LILLIAN CARLTON.

IT'S A RATHER UNCONVENTIONAL POSE, BUT THE EASEL COULDN'T HOLD A PRETTIER PICTURE.



HERE'S A CLAMBAKE CROWD.

THE MEMBERS OF THE P. H. McDONOUGH ASSOCIATION OF ALBANY, N. Y., ENJOYING THEIR ANNUAL FEAST AT HARRINGTON GROVE, A BEAUTIFUL SUBURB OF THE CAPITAL.



Photo by J. B. Wilson: Chicago.

LESTER AND CURTIN.

COMEDY ACROBATS WHOSE NONSENSE IS MUCH APPRECIATED.

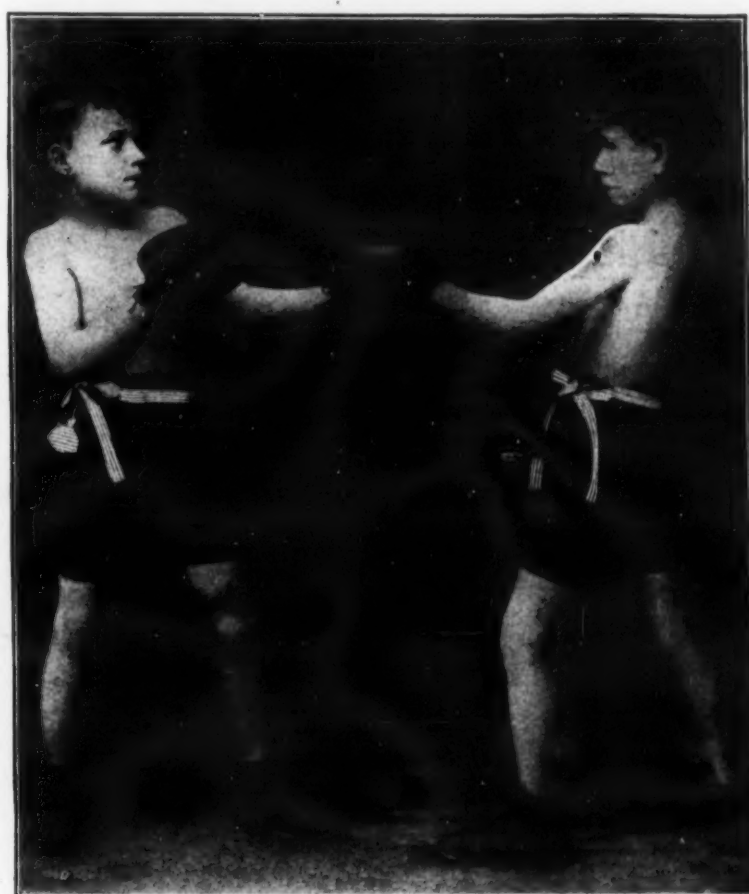


Photo by Schriver & Kibler: Harrisburg, Pa.

HANDY WITH THE MITTS.

SONS OF W. E. FILLING OF HARRISBURG, PA., BOTH OF WHOM HAVE WON BATTLES.



WILLIE AND HIS DOG.

LAST NAME, CRONE, AND HE LIVES AT FAYETTEVILLE, O.



PATRIOTIC YOUNG SPORTS.

THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FOSTER CLUB, A FLOURISHING ORGANIZATION OF PITTSBURG, PA., AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS ON BUTLER STREET.

HOW A CLEVER POKER SHARP WHO WORE THE UNIFORM TRIMMED THE ARMY BOYS

One Year as a Private on the Pacific Coast Netted a Boston Irishman a Nice Little Bankroll.

HE RAN PROFITABLE GAMES EVERY PAY DAY.

Downed All of Uncle Sam's Best Poker Players and Then He Bought His Freedom--Now He Has Money to Burn.

When one of the army transports got into San Francisco harbor from the Philippines the other day word got around that the play among the men had been pretty high from the beginning of the voyage. One man is said to have cleaned up a matter of \$8,000, while another panned out a \$6,000 bundle. That is an illustration of the way both soldiers and sailors will gamble when they have the money and have nothing else to do.

Professional gamblers have been known to enlist and ship in the American army and navy with the cut-and-dried purpose of making killings among the men, and on several occasions they have succeeded in their purpose.

About eight years ago a Boston Irishman, with "Mc" tacked in front of his surname, took on with the artillery branch of the army and was sent to Alcatraz Island in San Francisco harbor. Mack had the physique of a piano-mover and the good humor of a member of a fat men's club.

When the first post payday after Mack's advent on Alcatraz rolled around the soldiers attached to the two Alcatraz heavy batteries discovered that Mack was running a neat stud game down in the salty port close to the level of the purling Pacific. For those members of the two outfits who didn't care for the intricacies of stud poker there was the blander game of mustang, played with the big dice out of the tin cup.

This game, too, was Mack's, although he didn't conduct it. He presided in person over the stud game, delegating to an assistant the management of the mustang cloth.

Three days after that first payday Mack had all the enlisted money on Alcatraz Island. The men didn't resent Mack's having it. He was a likeable fellow, and they were willing enough that he should have the money. Somebody had to take it away from them—they felt that.

The two-battery outfit of Alcatraz wasn't quite big enough for Mack on his second payday in the service, and so he went across the bay on that payday night to the Presidio, where there were many batteries of artillery, light and heavy, and several troops of cavalry besides.

Mack found competition there. Other fellows belonging to the Presidio were running payday stud and mustang games, and they were inclined to regard Mack as a butter-in. The Presidio players, however, liked Mack's jovial ways and so they gave him their trade.

For three nights after that second payday of his Mack crossed over from Alcatraz on the government tug, the Gen. McDowell, to the Presidio. When he folded up his layout on the third night he had the Presidio pretty well trimmed up and slicked off.

He had not only corralled the money of the players, but he had jolted large sums from the frames of the chaps who had been running games of their own at the Presidio before he turned up. They had combined their bankrolls for the purpose of wiping Mack out of the picture, and when it was all over they didn't have to do any cashing in.

Angel Island, the regimental infantry post, a few miles up the harbor—it was then under command of Col. Shafter—was the next of the group of San Francisco posts to attract the Irishman from Boston. He went over there on the tug on his third payday, and he was lucky enough to find about a dozen soldiers whose time had just expired, who, after being paid off, were about to quit the island, and some of them the service.

They had an average of \$500 apiece. Mack dealt stud for them, and at the finish they all had to go to their company commanders and announce, rather sheepishly, that they had concluded to enlist again and not to leave the island. Not a man of the crowd got so much as a two-days' whiz in San Francisco out of his savings of five years.

In one way, Mack was a good proposition for the American army, for his game forced lots of good soldiers to take on again when they had made up their minds to carry their savings into civilized life with them. Mack got the rest of the Angel Island outfit lined up in front of his game, too, and when he left there after his third payday festa there wasn't much canteen money left in Col. Shafter's command.

The next month he went over to Fort Mason, which is not far from the Presidio, and, getting the boys over there herded up, he fixed them out so that they would have to stay within the post limits for another month, anyway, for lack of carfare to make their way to the Barbary coast of San Francisco. Everything came Mack's way.

The Captain of his battery wanted to make Mack a non-com, after he had been in the outfit five months, but the Irishman from the town of the east winds objected. He thought the duties of a non-com. would interfere with his pay-day business. The Captain insisted, so that it became absolutely necessary for Mack to go on a spree and thus work himself off the non-commissioned officers' eligible list.

At the end of six months' service Mack was something like \$8,000 to the good. Then he cut out running the open games and went after the top-notch

poker gamblers of the various posts around the harbor.

In every American military post there is always one chap who stands in a class by himself as a poker player, and toward whom the post money naturally gravitates. These were the fellows that Mack sat in with.

He trimmed them one by one. He took the star soldier poker player of the Presidio for \$1,500 on the



THIS IS MR. ESAU.

Frank C. Bostock, who Owns Him, Calls Him the Man Ape; Has Quite Unusual Intelligence and Looks the Real Thing in His Evening Clothes.

first try. An old duty sergeant of Angel Island, who ate and drank and slept and dreamt draw poker, and who could feel the marks on the cards through a pair of boxing gloves, was the next of the uniformed stars to fall to Mack's invincible game. The veteran duty sergeant was \$2,000 on the wrong side when Mack got through with him.

Obtaining a two-day furlough, Mack then sailed up to Benicia. There was a fellow soldiering at Benicia Barracks that he'd heard about as a scientific poker-player. Mack drilled holes in this one in one evening, and sailed back to Alcatraz with the Benician's roll, some \$1,300.

Then he picked up a few chicken-feed bundles at Lime Point and Fort Mason, and took the little \$100 and \$200 wads away from the smaller men on "the rock," Alcatraz, and at the Presidio.

Thus Mack put in a year in the artillery service. There was at that time, and probably still is, an army regulation which permitted a soldier whose conduct had been exemplary for a year to buy himself out of the service at the end of the year, for a hundred dollars or so.

On the day after he had put in his year, Mack sent in his buy-out papers. He had only had one summary—for the spree which he was compelled to embark upon in order to steer clear of the non-com's chevrons—and

SPORTING PHOTOS FREE

Handsome halftone productions, large size, of the famous boxers FREE with the POLICE GAZETTE every week. Try a subscription: 13 weeks for \$1.00.

he was eligible to purchase his discharge. He got it.

The Alcatraz men cheered him frantically as he sailed away from the rock for San Francisco on the tug. He had grabbed out all the money, and he had forced many a man to look forward to another long enlistment, but they all liked Mack, and they gave him a great send-off.

He crossed over to San Francisco, drew \$20,000 out of the bank, and joined his ilk on the old Bay district race track.

He had been a gambler and bookmaker from his boyhood, and he had got down to his last \$500 before he joined the army. He perceived the possibilities of the army for him, and he had the nerve and the patience and the skill to bolster up his broken fortunes while wearing a uniform.

He ran his \$20,000 into twice that amount on the San Francisco race tracks as a layer of odds, and then he trekked across the Rockies and started a big poolroom just outside of Chicago. Later he started another poolroom not far from St. Louis.

To-day he is under 40, and racing people in a position to know say that he is worth several hundred thousand dollars. Mack always spoke well of the American army after he left it. He said that he had enjoyed himself a great deal in the army.

Our Halftone Photos.

Little Willie Crone and his setter Sport, are a pair of favorites at Fayetteville, O., where both live. The dog is an unusually sagacious animal.

John S. Huiska, who is behind the bar for F. A. Black, is one of the leading mixologists at Cameron, Texas. He is a good fellow and very popular.

The players on the Cardinal football team of Chicago, Ill., are members of the Columbia Athletic Club. They won the championship last year, winning

OLD-TIME "PUG"

TELLS OF AN

OLD-TIME FIGHT

How a Sharp Sheriff Kept Them Hustling For a Ground.

HARD WORK TO GET RING

An Ingenious Dodge to Escape Arrest When Officers Broke In.

Here is a story told by "Toronto Jack" Smith, the old-time lightweight, and it's worth repeating:

"What's the good of kicking about the failure to pull off a fight," he said. "It ain't a marker to the old days. Many's the time I've been out in the fields in a pouring rain at all hours of night hunting for the battleground. Yes, and more than once I've been chased by cops and sheriffs who got next to scraps I'd been attending."

"Fifteen or twenty years ago we didn't mind hardships of that kind when out hunting for a bit of sport. I had an interesting time of it in Cleveland away back in '85 that I shall never forget. I was matched to fight Sam Eaton, who was then champion featherweight of Ohio. We were to fight in a ring pitched on the turf in a little woods almost facing the Glenville racetrack. About 200 blooded sports got the tip, and all had paid \$3 apiece for his pasteboard entitling him to see the mill. I was waiting under a tree in the woods, talking to one of my seconds, when a pretty well dressed bloke came up and got into conversation with me.

"It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the gang was to be around at 3:15. I thought this guy was one of the swells who had put up his three bucks to see the fight. He was a smooth talker, and I kind of liked his looks. He said: 'You're Jack Smith, ain't you?'

"I told him I was, and then he said he had seen me with Reddy Gallagher down town. He asked me if I thought I could win, and I told him that it was a cinch.

"He had scarcely turned to go when Reddy Gallagher came running up, and asked me what that fellow had been saying to me. I told Reddy just what had been said. 'It's all off,' said Gallagher. 'The guy you were just talking to is the sheriff, and he has a dozen deputies with him down near the roadside.'

"That settled it. We proceeded to sneak to the nearby hotel, and arriving there the promoters decided to pull the fight off in a down town hall at 8 o'clock that night. At the appointed time the boys were all in the room, and Eaton and I were in the ring, waiting for the call of time, when a loud rap on the door caused us all to jump.

"'Open the door in the name of the law,' yelled the sheriff on the outside. 'Open up or we'll burst it.'

"Eaton and I jumped into our pants, and in a jiffy the gloves were cut off and placed one each in hats of various friends. A colored fellow who had been carrying my satchel made a break for the window, and he was half way out when Pete Mannen and two other fellows grabbed him. The room was on the fifth floor of the building, so you can imagine what would have happened to that coon if he hadn't been caught in time.

"Well, the sheriff was finally let in, but he couldn't do a thing. We hadn't started to fight, and we all declared we had been holding a political meeting."

JACK ROOT GOT THE DECISION.

The six-round bout between Jack Root and "Kid" Carter, was a great drawing card for the American Athletic Club at Chicago, on Oct. 27, for the building was taxed to its capacity. Both men were in splendid physical condition and anxious to win. For Root, a victory meant that his triumph over the Brooklyn man at San Francisco was no fluke, and that it would entitle him to another chance at George Gardiner, who defeated him at Salt Lake City about two months ago.

Carter was a slight favorite over Root, but there was very little speculation on the result. At the sound of the gong Root rushed matters and before the close of the first round drew blood from Carter's nose. The Chicago boxer continued his aggressive tactics in the second round, Carter clinching at every opportunity.

The Brooklyn man's weak defence was a surprise to his supporters. Root showed himself throughout to be his superior in skill and generalship, and his blows were equally as strong as the "Kid's," which is usually the latter's best hold.

The opening bout was between Jack Moran and Al Dare. Moran had his man at his mercy from the start and put him to sleep in the third round. Young Horn and Dan Hogan furnished the second bout, which went the limit of six rounds to a draw. The third pair, Morris and Budd, also was a draw at the end of six rounds.

Joe Humphreys, the New York announcer, was introduced, and said that Terry McGovern would fight Benny Yanger before the club offering the best inducements about New Year's. He also said that McGovern would fight Young Corbett in California and did not dread to meet any man in his class.

SWIMMER AND BOXERS.

[PHOTOS ON PAGES 5 AND 12.]

George Tiplady lives at 129 Bright street, Jersey City, N. J. He is an expert swimmer and has saved many lives.

Frank and Walter Filling are the young sons of F. E. Filling, a leading business man of 1628 North Fourth street, Harrisburg, Pa. They are clever boxers and have each won a couple of victories in the ring. They have given many exhibitions, and their work has invariably been well received.

THE WHOLE WORLD

Can decide bets with the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." It is an ace on pugilistic matters and costs but 10 cents. Fits in the vest pocket, too.

Have You a FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE? 25 Cents--All the Good Drinks in a Most Compact Form

WINNER SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED

IN THE MEANTIME YOUR VIEWS ARE WANTED ON THE NEW COMPETITION

You who are interested in the physical culture contest are asked to have a little patience, for there are busy times at the POLICE GAZETTE office these days.

The many pictures received are being sorted into classes, and the work of picking the winners is progressing.

It is a difficult proposition, and takes a great deal of time, especially as the judging must be on the photographs.

That is a great handicap.

The man who wins the first prize, therefore, should be pretty well satisfied with himself.

And now, while we are closing this present contest, we invite you to consider the making of a "Police Gazette" amateur champion.

Of course, there will be prizes, and the first one will be of very great value.

But we want to hear from you.

Will you enter?

That is the point.

If you have muscles, surely you can do something in the athletic line.

It isn't necessary that you should belong to a club of any kind.

You are eligible, no matter who you are or what you are.

Only professionals are barred, for this is to be an amateur contest, pure and simple; a contest for the young Americans who work.

Those are the people we want to interest, and they are the ones Mr. Fox would like to have win his prizes.

In last week's GAZETTE was printed a list of possible events. If you have not seen them you are advised

We would like to publish group pictures of athletic clubs, basketball teams and any photographs of a like character.

If you have any, send them in, and they will be used, free of charge.

IF YOU HAVE A CHALLENGE

Of any kind send it to this office for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. You might as well have the advantages of exploiting yourself in the best sporting paper in the world when it costs you nothing.

CHALLENGES.

Billy Stewart, the Chester (Pa.) sporting man, wants to match Lou Beckwith against George Cole or any other 150-pound man. He also has Jack McClain, a 115-pound boxer.

Wm. Condon, owner of the Belmont Hotel of Hamilton, Ont., who is manager of "Buck" Saar, the Buffalo wrestler, wants to match his man against anyone in America at 165 pounds.

J. A. Bentley, of Niantic, R. I., will fight his Belfast Red Irish game cock, at catch weights, for \$100 a side, within fifty miles; one and one-half-inch drop socket gaff, under the National Game Breeders' Association rules.

Ike Cohn, the English bantamweight, is open to meet any boxer in the business, to weigh in at 115 pounds at the ringside, before the club offering the largest purse or for a side bet of any amount to fight in private. Tommy Feltz, Danny Dougherty, "Kid" Goodman or "Pinky" Evans preferred. Man and money can be found at Hotel Melvin, Seventy-sixth street and Third avenue, New York city.

WRESTLING.

It is now settled that George Bothner will visit England next spring.

Gonthier, the giant Frenchman of Montreal, is out with a challenge to the heavyweights of the United States.

Johnny Connors, the Hamilton, Ont., baseball player, challenges any 145 to 150 pound wrestler. Wiley and Willoughby preferred.

Charley Leonhardt, of Newark, had a comparatively easy victory over Arthur Griswold, a Western wrestler, at Newark the other night.

Rooney, the "Giant Gripman," of Chicago, defeated Carl Wagner, the Pacific Coast champion, at Indianapolis recently, winning two falls in fifty-three minutes.

Tom McInerney, the Irish champion, and only white man who gained a fall from Nouroulah, the Turk, is, according to the newspapers, soon coming to make a tour of the United States.

Harvey Parker seems to be in excellent form judging from the way he is meeting all comers on the road. In Cincinnati, the other night, Parker tackled Eddie Barr. Although Parker's best forte is catch-as-catch-can, he met Barr at Greco-Roman and threw his man twice in succession.

RING EVENTS.

Otto Steloff got the decision over Steve Crosby in six rounds at Chicago recently.

Jack Clifford knocked Howard Ople out in the second round, in what was to have been a twenty-round contest, at Butte, Mont., recently. Ople made a very good showing in the first round, and they both fought very fast.

Aurelia Herrera knocked Herman out in twelve rounds at Point Richmond, Cal., recently. It was a hard fought affair, and Herman made a very good showing against the Bakersfield scrapper. The bout gave such good satisfaction that the club will bring the principals together again at an early date.

There was something doing for the sports of Colorado Springs, Col., the other night in a barn in the centre of the town. "Lefty" Butler, of Florence and Pete Bell, a local man, did the preliminary stunt, and "Skin" Casey and "Kid" Bell were put on for the main event. The two scraps were the preliminary to a horse raffle, and went the limit.

TOMMY RYAN TO SOON QUIT.

Tommy Ryan, the middleweight champion of the world, is training in Kansas City for his six-round bout with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, which is to be decided before the Penn Art Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, on Nov. 27. Ryan says he will quit during the next few months, and that after that he will quit the ring forever. He has been fighting sixteen years and has come to the conclusion that it is time for him to stop.

"KID" BLACK BEATS DAVE ROLLO.

At the windup at the Apollo Club's show in Chicago recently "Kid" Black defeated Dave Rollo in six rounds. Black knocked him down for the count time and again, but Rollo always returned for

rounds. The only reason that the contest went the full limit of six rounds was because Rollo proved a glutton for punishment. Black knocked him down for the count time and again, but Rollo always returned for



ALFRED J. STEINER of Philadelphia, Pa.

more. As soon as the bell brought the men together in the first round Black landed a left-hand blow which floored Rollo. After a few seconds' sparring Black again landed a left swing to the jaw, and Rollo dropped

on Eddie's face and knocked him down for the count in the fourth round. Billy Kolb, of Southwark, drew with Jack McClain, of Chester, in the next fight. Billy kept chasing his man all around the ring and had the blood streaming from his nose, but McClain commenced well and made frequent rallies. Vernon Campbell, who was defeated on two previous occasions by "Shadow" Morris, turned the trick on the latter, in the next bout. It was a fast fight, both men landing hard and telling blows. "Kid" Stein and Fred McFadden tried conclusions in the semi-wind-up. In the milling honors were about even.

FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL.

A Coon Shouting Contest Under the Auspices of Tony Pastor's Employees.

At the annual affair given by the employees of Tony Pastor's Theatre, which will be held at Tammany Hall on January 29 the "Police Gazette" championship medal will be contested for by performers who are coon shouters. The medal will be one of the handsomest trophies ever made and will be well worth winning.

Performers who propose to compete are requested to send their photographs to Charles Ludwig, Tony Pastor's Theatre, at an early date as possible.

A BOWLING RECORD.

A world's record was broken upon the Calumet alleys, Cleveland, O., Oct. 29, when the Calumets beat the 1,000 mark in each of the three games that they took from the Centurys. Never before was such bowling witnessed.

DALY BEATEN BY FELTZ.

After the fifth round of a spirited boxing bout that was scheduled for twenty rounds before the Savannah Athletic Club, Savannah, Ga., Oct. 29, Andy Daly, of Boston, threw up the sponge to Tommy Feltz. Daly explained to the audience that he had to take off six pounds the same day to make 118 pounds, the limit of the articles of agreement, and that he was so weakened thereby that he felt he was doing himself an injustice to continue. Feltz had the better of the boxing.

"KID" M'FADDEN TRIMMED.

Rugged "Kid" McFadden was knocked out in the sixth round of his recent fight with Eddie Hanlon, before the Reliance Club at San Francisco, Cal. From the first Hanlon set the pace, which seemed a trifle too fast for McFadden, who was hammered all over the ring. The end came quickly enough, for in the sixth Hanlon finished his job like a real champion, knocking McFadden down three times with rights and lefts on the face. These were clean knockdowns, and McFadden was badly dazed each time he came up. When he was sent down the third time he took just a second too long and Hanlon was declared the winner. There is little question but what he could have gone on,

THE PRIZE RING AND THE GRIDIRON.

HERE'S A COMPARISON WHICH SEEMS TO NEED NO COMMENT.

The strenuous game of football is permitted in every State in the Union. A few ancient pieces of human bric-a-brac object to boxing. Their attention is respectfully called to the following parallel columns:

THE GRIDIRON.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 27.—The Tigers are starting this week with high hopes and with a confidence in the team not seen this year. Columbia took away a defeat, but left behind them some ugly scratches on the Tiger's side. In fact, Princeton suffered more than Columbia in the way of injury. The little quarter-back, Burke, is out of the game for the season, if the doctor's word can be taken. He had his collar-bone broken and will be on his back for a week or so at least. Kafer fared but little better, having received the same kind of injury, but the bone was not broken all the way through. He may get in trim for the Yale game on Nov. 15, but the chances are against him. Tooker had three teeth knocked out, and Moore has a wrenched knee. This is a long list of injuries, and takes away a great part of the enthusiasm over the unexpected victory.

as if hit with a club. Twice more Rollo was floored, and the bell saved him from a complete knockout.

Black was too clever for Dave's rushes, and the latter could not land a clean blow. Rollo was down for the count three times during the second round. In the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds Black changed his tactics and simply played safe, being satisfied to win the decision without taking any chances.

MAHARG'S GREAT FIGHT.

In the battle before the Lancaster Athletic Club, Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 28, between Tim Callahan and Billy Maharg, the latter proved himself a wonder, besting Callahan in each one of the ten rounds and sending him to his knees in the ninth with a right swing to the jaw. Callahan's only damaging work was done with his terrific uppercut, but Maharg's right swings to the jaw and left jabs in the wind more than made up for that. The large crowd cheered Maharg to the echo, and he was almost carried from the ring by his admirers.

The preliminaries were all of a high order. Tommy Dougherty, of Fairmount, easily bested Eddie Wallace in the opening. Dougherty landed some good punches

THE PRIZE RING.

ROUND 5—Jeffries' straight-arm blows were blocked. Jeff landed light poke to jaw and short left to ribs, and then again to neck with right. Ruhlman retreated. Jeff followed, touching Ruhlman under the chin with his right, and Gus went to the floor but was up at the count of five. Ruhlman seemed dazed and missed wild swings. Jeffries went in for a knockout. In the last minute of the round Ruhlman was struck in the pit of the stomach. Jeffries was going at him fiercely now, and when the gong sounded Ruhlman was assisted to his corner. As he sat in his chair he looked distressed. He said something to his manager, and then "Denver Ed" Martin walked to the centre of the ring and told Referee Corbett: "We give up." Ruhlman, beyond being dazed, was apparently unhurt, and walked to his dressing-room unassisted.

BOXERS FOR THE OTHER SIDE.

Sam Fitzpatrick, who has made more trips across the ocean with fighters than any man in the business, has a nice offer to take another bunch of pugilists abroad, and is now looking around to pick up some good men. A club in London wants Sam to bring over several Americans in the lighter classes, and Fitz thinks he will be able to take with him a cargo of likely timber. The Englishmen recognize the Yankee boxers as their superiors, and whenever the beef-eaters get hungry for a bit of lively sport they send over for some of our good men. If Sam can't get together a winning combination then no one can. He will take with him a collection of knockerouts that can whip anything from the boxing kangaroo to a battle ship.

COSMETICS! MAKE YOURS?

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" contains full instruction for the manufacture of all kinds of tonics, cosmetics, perfumes, etc. Price, 25 cents.



FRANK L. WINNE, Seventh U. S. Cavalry.

to get a copy of that paper and look them over.

We want your opinion on them.

The attention of athletic clubs, Turn Vereins and Y. M. C. A.'s is especially called to this contest.

REMEMBER, YOU CAN BE A COMPETITOR WITHOUT LEAVING THE CITY OR TOWN IN WHICH YOU LIVE, AND WITHOUT INTERFERING WITH YOUR BUSINESS IN ANY WAY.

Let us hear from you at once what you think about it.

YOU ARE A SPORT. WELL, READ PAGE 10 OF POLICE GAZETTE IF YOU WANT TO BE IN LINE



THREW A BUCKET OF LYE.

AN ANGRY WOMAN OF SHENANDOAH, PA., BLINDS A MOTHER AND CHILD WITH THE DEADLY FLUID.



HOW SHE WON A WHEEL.

TO WIN A BET A BELLE OF MEMPHIS, TENN., RIDES THE STREETS OF THE CITY EN DESHABILLE.



BROKE UP A NICE LITTLE SHOW.

SOME FESTIVE GIRLS OF ST. LOUIS, MO., ARRANGE A TURKISH SURPRISE PARTY
FOR SOME FRIENDS, BUT THEY ARE RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

WILL CORBETT AND McGOVERN

—BIDS CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 15 AND MATTER DECIDED—

FIGHT NEXT MONTH IN 'FRISCO?

In Case of Default the Denverite will Battle with Dave Sullivan and Terry may go to London to Fight Ben Jordan.

FOOTBALL CASUALTIES HORRIFY THE PUBLIC

American Supremacy in All Branches of Sport---New Records for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual"---Gossip about the Pugilists.

Only a few more days must elapse before we know for a certainty whether Young Corbett and Terry McGovern will have a chance to bring their long deferred meeting to an issue. The match is in the condition it was when the Louisville promoters abandoned the contest. The articles of agreement in every detail remain as they were and only the formality of selecting a battle ground has been neglected. Obviously so, however, for both lads are anxious to get as much money as they can for their services, and as the privilege of holding the fight is valuable also to the fight promoters, the bids were left open until Nov. 15, so the rival managers could estimate in a manner to justify the maximum limit of their offers. Unfortunately the amount of publicity given to the affair when the authorities of Connecticut and Kentucky refused to permit it to be held within their jurisdiction, has made the managers of boxing clubs in other parts of the country rather "leary" about it, to speak in the vernacular, and it is probable that California will be the only bidder for the fight.

Under certain restrictions, of course, championship boxing contests are permitted in the Golden State, and the fact that Jeffries and Rohlin recently fought in San Francisco without a question of their right to do so being raised by the authorities, indicates that no interference need be expected in the event of Young Corbett and McGovern appearing there; but singular to say, the local promoters are inclined to be apathetic on the subject of the battle and seem not over anxious to corral a genuine money maker. It is difficult to assign a reason for this, unless it is a dread that the hoodoo which has attended the match from its inception, may continue to manifest itself in some unforeseen way prejudicial to the interests of the game. According to existing arrangements the match must take place before December 23, or else forfeits are to be taken down and the match called off.

A number of important happenings are therefore contingent upon the opening of the bids this week. If a battle ground is not selected and the match goes by default, Young Corbett will be matched to fight Dave Sullivan, under the auspices of one of the California clubs. Negotiations are now pending and Alec Gregains has already made an offer for the bout. This fact indicates that Gregains does not intend to make any particular effort to get the big match for some unexplained reason.

Then on the other hand, McGovern has a chance to meet Ben Jordan, the English champion, as stated in the most recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Jordan has induced Manager Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, of London, to offer a purse for the match. The amount is decidedly smaller than McGovern has been accustomed to fight for, but that an offer was made at all, indicates that a desire to have McGovern and Jordan meet exists, and that is all Sam Harris wants to know to justify him in opening negotiations for a contest under such auspices as would ensure a profitable result. There is no reason why an international match properly managed in the style characteristic of American clubs should not be made to pay as well in London as in New York, or any other American centre. Taking away from it the exclusiveness which would characterize it if held under the auspices of the aristocratic National Sporting Club would not detract from its interest or importance; and as in previous instances all the big championship fights in England have been held in the club house to which the plain people have always been denied admittance, a public affair would be a novelty and eminently satisfactory from a gate money point of view. Sam Harris is a capable promoter and with the assistance of such local people as he could use to aid him in the enterprise ought to be able to make it a success.

We are deep in the throes of football excitement and as usual the record of injuries is totalling up in a manner which bids fair to put into obscurity the unenviable records of former years. And now, with the season hardly under way, five deaths are already laid at the door of the game, and four of these fatalities occurred during one week.

Well trained men and those with no previous physical preparation have alike fallen victims to the deadly mass plays, while those who have escaped with broken arms, fractured collar-bones and lesser injuries are drawn from all manner and conditions of athletes.

From all over the country are heard clamorings against the game as played at present, but despite these protests, and the rapidly increasing list of accidents, there is no lack of candidates for football eleven nor of spectators at football games to urge teams and individual players to their most strenuous efforts.

To speak plainly the majority of the spectators at a football game do not attend with any keen appreciation of the scientific elements of playing, but in the expectation of seeing more or less impromptu fighting between the rival players. Nowadays, fighting is indulged in quite as much as any other feature of the game, and the scrapping ability of a candidate for a place on the team is one of the incidental qualifications taken into consideration. Denied the pleasure of seeing a regular fistic contest within the squared circle, men whose appetites are keen for such sport realize the possibilities of having their desires for blood gratified on the gridiron, and to this is due perhaps as much as anything else the extraordinary attendance of spectators at every big game.

In casting a retrospective glance over the sporting season which is now approaching an eventful close, one cannot fail to be impressed by the splendid performances achieved by Americans in all branches of sport. Not alone in boxing have our countrymen been able to reach the pinnacle of eminence but in all of the various legitimate sports we are the undisputed leaders. Our champions are champions by virtue of their success over their contemporaries in other countries and the record books are replete with incomparable achievements credited to American athletes. How different the complexion of affairs was about a quarter of a century ago. Then we held no world's record of importance, but now nearly all are credited to Americans. Much of this improvement has been shown within the last fifteen years, when schoolboys began to become prominent. From this contingent



A GROUP OF WESTERN PRIZE-WINNING SHARP SHOOTERS.

Capt. Albert Sorense, Phil Saylor, H. McConnell, Ed. Groom and Ed. Olson, Members of the Brazilian Rifle Team who Won a Closely Contested Match at Chicago.

of the young generation we must look for our future champions. Their opportunities for development are unsurpassed.

Nearly every institution of prominence has its well appointed gymnasium and experienced instructor, and the result of this tuition has been that those boys who go from these schools to the colleges are so far advanced in athletics that usually the higher institutions have little difficulty in finding material from which to select their representative teams.

All of which leads up to the announcement that the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1903 is now being compiled and will be bigger, better and more complete than any of its predecessors. In addition to a lot of records of boxers who have, during the past year, become prominent enough to justify this distinction, the new "Annual" will contain a record of every important achievement in athletics, aquatics, or on the turf. The little book will be a valuable compendium of sporting statistics, and the trifling sum of ten cents places it within the reach of everyone. To the betting man it is absolutely worth its weight in gold, for its contents are accurate and you can wager on any date, record or event contained within its pages. To those who simply desire to be well informed, it is an invaluable little book, containing, as it does, statistics of every important sporting event that has taken place within the year. To the sporting editor, as a ready reference to decide disputes, wagers and inquiries, it is especially valuable, a fact eminently attested to by endorsements from every sporting editor, writer and critic of prominence in the country.

I thought when Jim Corbett made sufficiently good with his monologue to annex one thousand per cent.

THE COCKER'S GUIDE.

If you want to know how to breed, feed and train game cocks send 25 cents to this office for this book, which is a recognized authority on the subject.

week, it wouldn't be long before his game would be imitated. Big John L. Sullivan tried it and was a frost, and "Kid" McCoy's efforts in the same direction had such a congealing effect upon the blood of his auditors that he quit like a busted tire. But the light of ambition was not totally extinguished when these two famous exponents of sockology gave it up. Terry McGovern and Young Corbett are getting ready to exploit themselves as "Monologists." The former intends to give Jewish impersonations in make up, while Young Corbett will stick to plain face and story telling. The former has been coached by Joe Welch, the famous impersonator of eccentric Yiddish characters, whom he will try to imitate. He will simply step into the place made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Welch from the vaudeville stage and attempt to carry on his pleasing impersonations. He will tell good stories and imitate but not caricature the race. "I have lived among that sort of people so much that I am sure I can, with the assistance of my friend Welch, take the work up successfully," said McGovern. "He is a good teacher."

The following self-explanatory letter has been received at this office:

DEAR SIR—I witnessed the boxing contest that took place in this city, at the Music Hall, between Young Corbett and Joe Bernstein, and judging from the showing Corbett made, will say that I stand ready to back Sammy Myers against him, at any time and place, and under any set of articles as regards weight or division of purse. Now there are lots of fighters and managers who issue challenges merely for a boost and have no intention of fighting, but I do not belong to that class, and to show the public that I am sincere in what I say, will agree to post any amount of money that is asked for, same to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office. This offer stands good for any one at all, including Terry McGovern, Benny Yanger and the rest of the well-known featherweights. Myers' great showing against Austin Rice and Young Erne entitles him to a bout with any of the top-notchers, and I am ready to talk business with the first one that comes my way.

Yours, etc., CAPT. W. H. JUBB, Baltimore, Md.

"Police Gazette" rules, which for two decades have had an accepted standard value among honest sporting men, are still favored by the wrestlers

rights which Ryan may pretend to hold, and until the former retires there will always be a technicality which Ryan can hardly overcome. The only way for Ryan to get undisputed possession of the honor would be for him to challenge Fitz to fight for the middleweight title and claim it by default. Ryan will probably meet "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien shortly and has already begun training. He has been suffering from a severe cold, but after a recent workout, he said:

"I think I am as good as ever, and as soon as I am through with Philadelphia Jack I will take on any one who can reach the middleweight limit. I intend to do plenty of boxing this winter, as it will probably be my last. A man can't fight forever."

Boxing promoters in Philadelphia will take the initiative in framing a black-list to consist of fighters who break contracts. To make this proceeding a success concerted action will be taken and all boxers who fail to keep their engagements will not be given another chance to appear in any of the clubs. The necessity of such a protective measure was demonstrated by the number of disappointments which have recently occurred.

The four leading organizations are under very heavy expense and the managers realize that to make their ventures successful they must work in harmony. It is proposed to sign an agreement not to outbid one another for the services of any pugilist. A number of important matches are now being negotiated for by the clubs and all are aware of the attractions they want. An agreement has already been reached whereby the big matches will be allotted in turn, thus giving all a chance to furnish their patrons with star bouts.

While the meeting will be held to bring the four big clubs, viz.: Penn Art, Washington Sporting, Ariel and Industrial, closer together, the managers of the clubs whose halls have a limited seating capacity are to be protected. The managers of the smaller clubs will appreciate this move.

SAM AUSTIN.

DUANE WHIPS HOLLY.

Notwithstanding that he was battling against weight and height, Danny Duane, of New York, bested Dave Holly, of Woodbury, at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Oct. 30. Duane forced the fighting throughout, and although repeatedly forced into clinches by Holly's wild rushes, the New Yorker had the better of the infighting that resulted.

Holly lost several opportunities by his slowness in following up his man and resorting to a left jab instead of using his right when the occasion warranted it. Duane's straight left frequently found a resting place on Holly's face, and the New Yorker persistently followed up his jab with a low uppercut that had Holly continually guessing in which way the punch was coming.

Duane staggered Holly in the fourth, and he repeated the trick in the fifth and sixth rounds, all of the punches coming when Holly came boring in for a clinch.

"KID" BROAD BEATEN.

"Buddy" Ryan, of Chicago, won the decision over "Kid" Broad, of Cleveland, in a six-round contest at Chicago, Oct. 31. Ryan won on points alone and had but a slight shade the better of the fighting. Both men were in excellent condition and put up a remarkably fast and clever bout.

In the fourth round Broad landed several blows that shook Ryan up pretty well, but the latter held his own with a series of straight lefts that partly evened up matters.

In the fifth Broad drew blood with a left to Ryan's nose. They mixed it up rather freely for a time and Ryan went back to boxing.

In the final round both seemed willing to mix it at first, but the round ended rather tamely. The decision of Referee Malachi Hogan gave general satisfaction.

BERNSTEIN GOT DECISION.

Joe Bernstein, of New York, was given the decision over Joe Tipman, of Baltimore, before the Eureka Athletic Club, of Baltimore, on Oct. 31, after twenty hard fought rounds. The verdict of Referee Mantz was hooted and jeered by the audience of 2,200 persons.

Bernstein was practically out twice during the bout, the gong saving him each time, and according to the spectators the local boxer was entitled to the decision by several miles. The crowd was in a humor to get after the referee, and that official had to call for police protection to get out of the clubhouse.

Tipman was the more clever all through the bout, and in the sixteenth round had Bernstein practically out. He fought Joe all over the ring, and had the New York boy all but out when the gong sounded.

From the sixteenth round to the finish Tipman had Bernstein breaking ground and holding on to save himself from a knockout.

Tipman evidently took a pointer or two from Young Corbett's fight with the Ghetto favorite a few days ago, and forced the proceedings all through the mill.

The only real blows administered by Bernstein were in the clinches. Tipman landed right and left to Bernstein's head and face repeatedly. The Ghetto lad's eye was in mourning, and from the nose the blood kept streaming until the fight came to an end.

Tipman was as fresh at the finish as when he started in with the exception of a slight abrasion over his right eye, which Bernstein gave him in a clinch. Tipman's footwork and blocking were perfect, and he showed clearly by his ring generalship that he is a new star in the pugilistic firmament, and will be heard of later. Bernstein put up a much better fight than he did with Young Corbett.

SAVANNAH PRELIMINARIES.

In a red-hot preliminary between Jack Sheehan, of Savannah, and Jack Duane, bantam champion of the Navy, at Savannah, Ga., on Oct. 29, Duane knocked out Sheehan in the fifth round in spite of the fact that the latter had broken the sailor's rib with a right punch delivered in the third round. Even after this accident Duane had enough of a punch left to knock Sheehan down in the fourth round, and in the next to administer a knockout, a right and left placed simultaneously on the jaw.

DECORATE YOUR PLACE

With the magnificent sporting supplements in halfpence of the great boxers, athletic champions and prominent actresses in costume. Six for 50 cents.

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TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

W. C. I., Kenosha, Wis.—Points go out in order.
G. M. B., Easton, Pa.—'Twas a catch bet. Cannot decide it.

H. R. L., Fairwater, Wis.—Who has fought and won the most battles? George Dixon.

F. R., Quebec, Can.—Who is the welterweight champion of the world? Joe Walcott.

Reader, La Grange, Ga.—Write to J. C. Yeager, Gen'l Manager, Grand Central Depot, New York.

J. R. B., Hamilton, Wash.—Give me the address of Joe Ellingworth? He has been dead some years.

A. N., Chicago.—In playing casino can a discard be played when a card can be picked up? Certainly.

N. H., Braddock, Pa.—In playing sixty-six is it necessary to play one of the melding cards out to meld? Yes.

J. O'K., Rockaway Beach.—How many tons of coal does it take to run a ship each day? Depends on size of ship.

Davis, Portland, Ore.—Inform me whether five aces or five sixes are the highest shake in Razzle-Dazzle dice? Sixes.

W. J. T., Heuvelton, N. Y.—Is "Honest John" Kelly dead or alive? Your question has been answered. He is alive.

G. P., Fort St. Philip, La.—A bets that Bob Fitzsimmons weighed 160 pounds or over when he fought Jack Dempsey? He weighed 150½.

D. A. P., Brunswick, Me.—Who has been, and who is now, the champion strong man of the world since 1875 or further back? Louis Cyr.

Chas. Hahn, West Easton, Pa.—As each guessed one score right and as each are one run at variance on the correct score, the pool should be divided between them.

M. B. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—A bets B that in a three-handed game of euchre, if one of the three takes it up and gets euchred the other two only score one point each; B bets that the other two score two points each? Your question has been answered. They score two each.

M. A. S., Chicago.—Seven-up, playing horses; A, B and C each lost one horse; then A loses another horse, putting another horse on him; now does A lose the game and B and C's horses stand for the next game or are B and C's horses thrown off? B and C's horses thrown off and A loses.

Dayton, O.—In playing euchre, can a player order up the dealer without a trump or make it without a trump? Yes.

T. M., Harrison, N. J.—Euchre; A deals and turns up the trump; B takes up his cards, looks at them and afterwards claims it was his deal; A bets he cannot claim his deal after he looks at his cards and the trump turned up? A wins.

S. P. W., Flint, Mich.—Pedro; which cards go out first; is the bidder entitled to consideration when he makes his points and goes out and his opponent goes out also by the high, low, jack or game? Points go out in order. But if a player needs one and bids three and makes high, jack and game he wins. If he needs two or three and opponent needs one and makes high or low, opponent wins.

B. P. W., Cleveland, O.—Sixty-six; in playing a four-handed game of partners I take three tricks and say then I think I have enough, but say this one is good and the other couple take the trick, which is the fourth trick; then I say before playing on another trick I have enough and throw down the two last cards. Do I take the point or not? You cannot throw down your cards and claim enough unless you have taken the trick.

A. M. T., St. Paul, Minn.—First base is occupied and less than two are out; the batter hits a fly ball to the right fielder who drops it but recovers ball in time to throw to second and retire the man who occupied first at that base; should the right fielder be charged with an error for dropping the fly ball and allowing the batter to reach first safely and also given credit for assisting in helping put the other man out at second. It is claimed here that the right fielder cannot be charged with an error as long as he retired one man on the play? Yes. Right fielder must be charged with error for allowing batter to reach first. He is also credited with an assist.

C. B. S., Bisbee, Ari.—Did George Dixon fight as many prize fights as any two pugilists that ever stepped in the ring? In our opinion he did if you count all his contests meeting all comers "on the road."

C. H., Avon, Ill.—Seven-up; ten points; two-handed; one man played high, game and the other played low, jack; which one went out? Low, Jack.

E. M., Chicago, Ill.—Did McGraw, now playing with the New York team, ever play with the St. Louis team? Yes. About three months of season of 1900.

Reader, Chicago.—Where can I find records of fights in the ring between women? Have no records of female pugilists. Women ought to be better employed.

J. J. O'M., Chicago.—Pitch; A was ten and B was nine; A bid two and B bid three; A holds low and B makes high, Jack and the game; both claim the game? A wins.

O. E. F., Rockland, Me.—Seven-up; A is dealing and B begs, hearts being trump; A runs the cards and turns Jack of same suit; does the Jack count? Jack does not count.

H. A. A., Birmingham, Ala.—When was rule of seven balls to take first base changed to four balls take first base in a game of baseball, governed by National rules? Around 1874.

S. B. G., Jacksonville, Ill.—A bets B that Silverdale carried 141 pounds in St. Louis Derby? Silverdale ridden by J. Woods with 127 pounds, won the St. Louis Derby, June 15, 1891.

G. W. S., Columbus, O.—Can you inform me of the present address of J. F. Malone, who held the pool championship in 1884? Brunswick & Balke Co., New York City, will forward letter.

F. M., Madelia, Minn.—A bets B \$10 that a certain team will win a ball game; A bets C that he (A) will win his bet; the game was a tie; now does A win or lose his second bet on account of the game being a tie? A loses both bets.

T. E. M., Chicopee, Kan.—A and B playing a game of hearts for the drinks, twenty-one points; A has nineteen points, B has seventeen; A gets the first two hearts; B claims the game; A claims the deal to go out? B is right.

A. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Betting on naming the round or the nearest to the round that the Corbett and Bernstein fight would end. A names the tenth round;

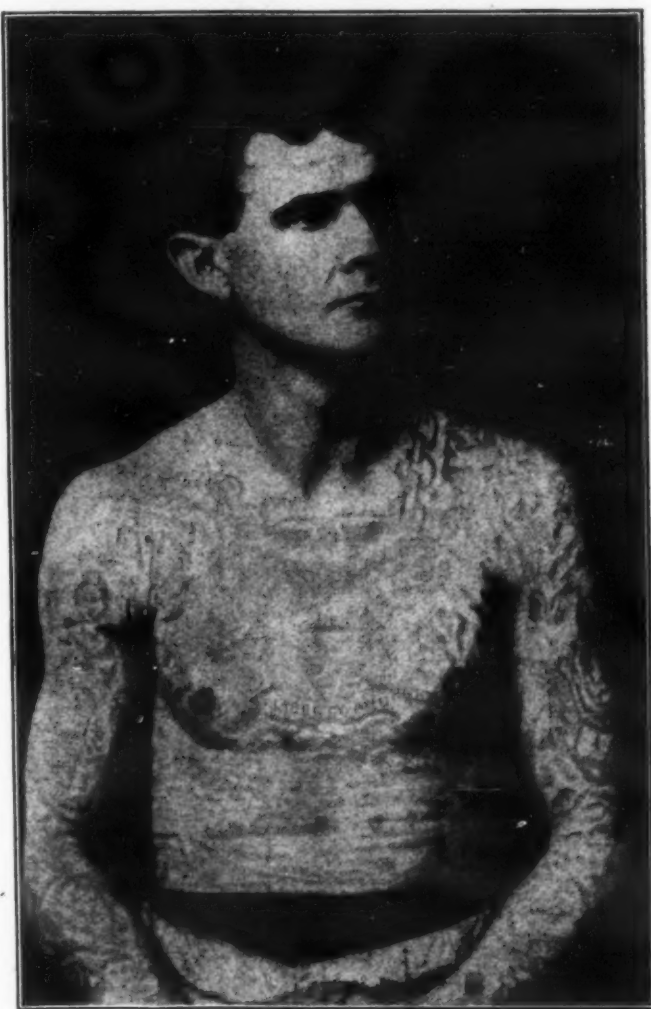


Photo by Klenemann: New York.

S. I. SEDROC.

Premier Tattooed Man at Huber's Museum, New York.

B names the fifth; A claims that the fight ended between the seventh and eighth rounds and that the bet is off; B claims the seventh round ended the fight? A wins, fight was won in the eighth round.

R. S. B., Charleroi, Pa.—Cut-throat seven-up, ten points for the drinks, to be saved off between two; high man out; low man stuck to buy the drinks; B

SMART BARTENDERS.

Keep up-to-date and you will do this if you have a copy of Fox's "Bartender's Guide." It is full of good recipes and costs but 25 cents.

went out, leaving L, R and S in the game; L had one, R two, S three to go; S was dealing; L begged; S gave him one, putting him out and made high, low and the game, also went out, sticking R with two to go; did S have a right to give L the point that put him out? No.

G. L., Chicago, Ill.—Was J. L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? How old is Fitzsimmons? How often has he fought? Who is the champion wrestler of the world? When will you announce the finish of the physical culture contest? Who was the first boxer of the United States? Who fought the longest fight and when? 1. No. 2. 40. 3. See "Police Gazette Annual." 4. At what style. 5. In a few weeks. 6. Give it up. 7. See "Police Gazette Annual."

MAHER HANDS A FEW TO O'BRIEN

For the second time in four weeks Jack O'Brien and Peter Maher met at the Penn Art Club, Philadelphia, Oct. 30, for six rounds, at catchweights, in the presence of a small crowd. Peter showed in the first bout that his fighting powers were on the wane, for he inflicted but slight damage on O'Brien, while the latter punished the former Irish champion severely about the face.

The last fight was one of the fiercest ever seen between big men in that city. It was give and take from the sound of the gong in the first round until the end. Despite O'Brien's exceptional cleverness, Maher had the better of the struggle in most every round. O'Brien was forced to fight at a distance, giving Peter's hard hitting qualities due respect.

This was a handicap that O'Brien could not overcome by his boxing skill, as Maher's reach is fully as long as his, and the latter could only get to his opponent by light jabs. On the other hand, Maher often caught O'Brien with vicious swings. He also had a distinct advantage in the clinches, as under the agreement the men were to punch in clinches until ordered to break by the referee. In the second round Maher caught Jack with a hard right and sent him to the floor. During the succeeding rounds O'Brien failed to make a good impression, because he was fearful of a punch that would put him out of business.

The opening bout, between "Kid" Uhler and "Young Mississippi," was stopped in the third round to prevent Uhler being knocked out. "Kid" Stein hurt his hand in the fifth round with Bob Oliver, which was responsible for Oliver's good showing in the sixth. Up to the time of the accident Stein had all the best of the milling. Jack O'Hara bested Johnny Carney in five rounds. The contest was stopped because Carney was incapacitated by being butted unintentionally by O'Hara in the fifth round.

THREE ROUNDS ENOUGH.

Max Freeman, of Pawtucket, won his bout with "Kid" Boyle, of Hartford, in the third round, before the Washington Club, Providence, R. I., Oct. 29.

SULLIVAN'S WINNING STREAK.

Jack (Twin) Sullivan, of Cambridge, outclassed John E. Butler, of Lynn, at Gardiner, Me., Oct. 28, and the Cambridge man was given the decision in the fifth round of their scheduled ten-round bout. In the early stages of the contest Butler made a fairly good showing, but could not stand the pace set by his opponent.

In the fifth round, when it was quite apparent that Butler could not last much longer, Referee John E. Sheehan, of Boston, stopped the bout and declared Sullivan the winner.

Sullivan said he was ready to fight any man in the world at 145 pounds, bar Joe Walcott, who, he admitted, was faster than himself.

The preliminary six-round bout between Young Kelly, of Boston, and Albie Alberts, of Chelsea, featherweights, was declared a draw, although it was evident that Kelly had the better of the encounter.

Tom Kane, of South Gardiner, and John Roderick, of Bath, both lightweights, gave a good exhibition on the merits of which Referee Sheehan let the spectators decide. The sentiment was in Kane's favor.

WALCOTT'S BROTHER WINS.

At the Criterion Athletic Club, Boston, Mass., Oct. 29, Belfield Walcott and Joe Handler, of Newark, came together. Walcott outclassed him from the start, and Referee Donnelly stopped the bout in the ninth round and gave the award to Walcott.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Johnny Mack has been appointed matchmaker of the Williamsport A. C., of Williamsport, Pa.

Ben Trimble and Tommy Reilly are to fight at Seattle, Wash., on Nov. 16. Al Nell will meet the winner.

Young Corbett has signed articles calling for a match at Chicago, Nov. 17, with Jack O'Keefe, and has posted his forfeit.

The ex-pugilist, Joe McAuliffe, who had been one of the tanning strikers at Redwood City, Cal., returned to work and was badly beaten.

Bob Bruce, manager of Hughey McPadden, the featherweight, says he is ready to let his man go out of his class and fight pugilists heavier than himself.

Jack Abbott has joined the colony of American pugilists in London and has issued a challenge to box Jabez White, who defeated "Spike" Sullivan a few months ago.

Al Neil, the crack California welterweight, is in the East for the purpose of securing an engagement with any one in his class. Neil is a likely looking chap and has a fine record.

Jack Dougherty, of New York, who figured in the past as the manager of Joe Bernstein, Jack O'Brien, Matty Matthews and "Kid" McPartland, has taken Willie Mack, of New York, in tow.

James Mace, who has been winning nearly all the prizes in the amateur lightweight classes at the tournaments of the Eagle and Athletic Clubs, of Philadelphia, has decided to turn professional.

Casper Leon, who is now instructor of the Polo A. C., of New York, is planning a trip to the West. Leon has in view a tilt with Jimmy Barry, if the retired bantam champion intends to return to the ring.

BARTENDERS

---THE WISE ONES---

ARE HUSTLING

The "Police Gazette" Contest is a Great Success.

WHO WILL BE CHAMPION

If You Have a New Drink Recipe Send It In at Once.

It's a great contest.

You ought to see the way the recipes are coming in. Every mail brings them.

There are evidently a great many clever bartenders in this country. More than we thought there were.

This competition is bringing them all out.

And the prizes are certainly worth the effort.



JOHN S. HUISKA.

Bartender with F. A. Black at Cameron, Texas.

Someone has got to win that valuable gold medal. To say nothing of the prizes in gold—\$25.00, \$15.00 and \$10.00.

There will be a new champion drink mixer this fall, and upon his vest will be pinned the "Police Gazette" trophy, valued at \$75.00.

Then think of the honor of it.

Many men have done a great deal more for lesser medals.

We cannot too often call your attention to the fact that it costs you absolutely nothing to enter.

You are not required to spend a cent.

If you want to subscribe to the GAZETTE, all right.

That will be to your advantage, and you will get a paper every week that is worth a great deal more to you than the small amount you pay for it.

To a bartender the published recipes alone are worth the money. It keeps him posted as to what the other fellows are doing and it gives him new ideas.

The supplements are worth ten cents each.

You don't need to know very much about arithmetic to figure how you will get a lot of value for a little money.

One dollar not only brings it to you for thirteen weeks, but you also get a premium.

Does that interest you?

Send for premium list.

A postal card will do it.

FLORADORA SLIPPER.

(By J. N. Radetich, 902 Camp St., New Orleans, La.)

Use large bar glass; one wine glass of Chartreuse; one yolk of egg; fill with milk; also with fine ice; shake well and serve in fizz glass.

FAN TAN.

(By Siegfried Block, 846 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn.)

One pony rock and rye, two tablespoons lime juice; one tablespoon sugar; crushed fruit to suit; serve in a large glass with crushed ice and straws.

THE BOOK OF RULES

This is one of the most valuable publications ever issued. It contains the rules governing athletic contests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.

Invaluable to Tonsorialists. BARBER'S BOOK OF RECIPES. 25c. The Best Publication of its Kind

**"KID" VAUGHN.**

HE BELONGS IN BUTTE, MONT., AND HAS A FINE STRING OF VICTORIES IN HIS RECORD.

**G. TIPLADY.**

YOUNG SWIMMER AND LIFE SAVER OF JERSEY CITY.

**J. F. McCARTHY.**

AN EAST ORANGE, N. J., LAD WHO IS A CLEVER AMATEUR PURSUIT RIDER.

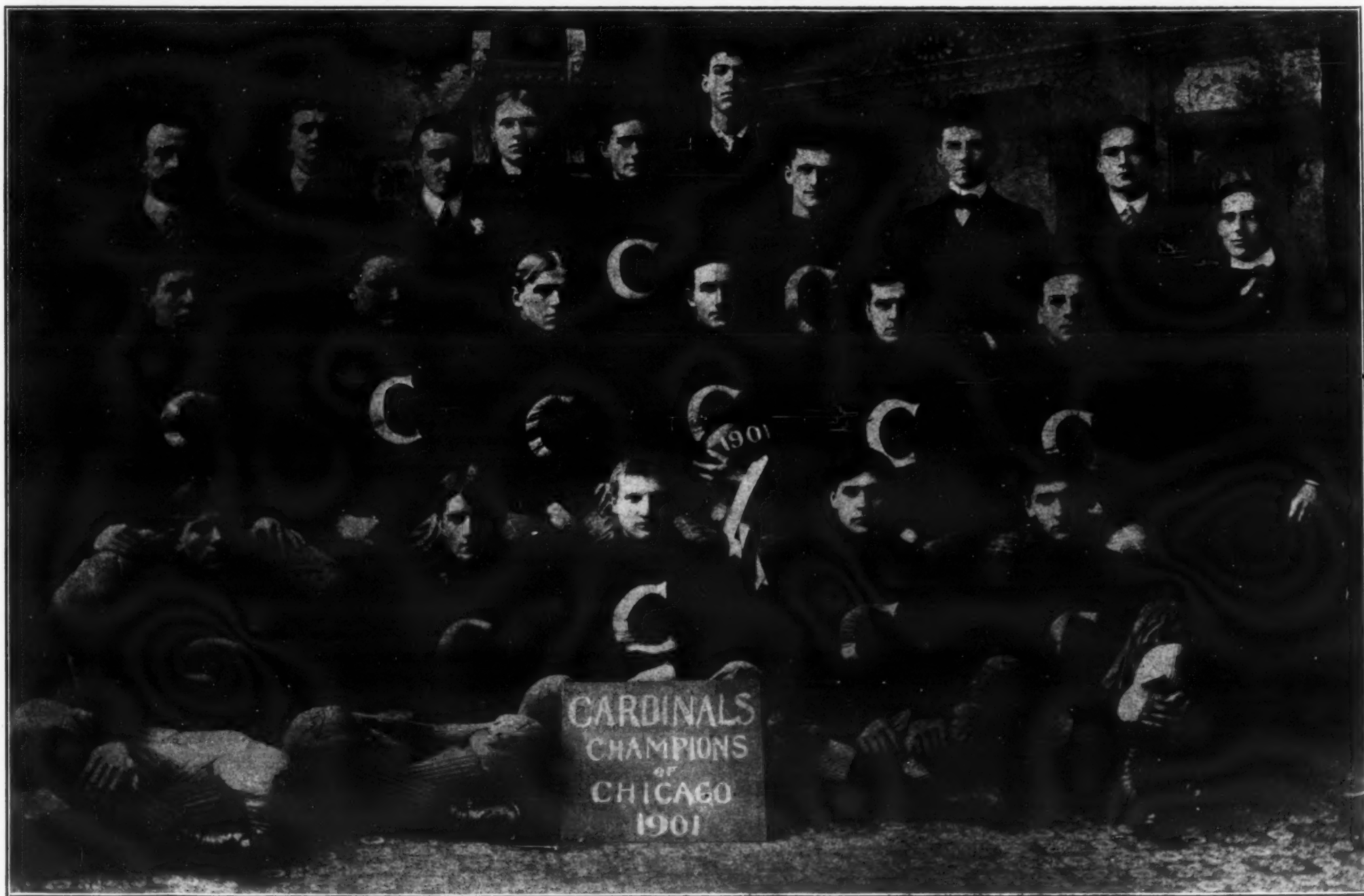


Photo by Heinemann: Chicago.

THE CARDINAL FOOTBALL TEAM.

THEY ARE CHAMPIONS OF THE GRIDIRON OF CHICAGO, ILL., REPRESENT THE COLUMBIA ATHLETIC CLUB, AND HAVE YET TO BE BEATEN AT THE GAME.



NELLIE O'NEILL.

VIVACIOUS AND CLEVER---HERE'S A DASHING SOUBRETTE WHO IS ACKNOWLEDGED
AS ONE OF THE BEST ON THE STAGE.

A LEADING BARBER

Mr. Chick Hall, Who Can Shave and Punch the Bag.



Chick Hall is the proprietor of the well known and deservedly popular tonsorial parlor at 1606 Twelfth street, Louisville, Ky., and has a record. He can shave three men in five minutes, and not only that but he is the champion bag puncher of Louisville. He has long been a subscriber of the POLICE GAZETTE and says he wouldn't be without it.

YOUNG ERNE DOES WELL.

Young Corbett and Young Erne boxed six fast rounds at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on October 27. Erne was ten pounds lighter than the champion, but made one of the gamiest fights of his career. Corbett landed hard on Erne in every round, especially the third, fourth and sixth, in which the latter was forced to his knees repeatedly to save himself.

JOHNSON DEFEATS GARDINER.

Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight fighter of Los Angeles, Cal., who recently defeated Frank Childs, the colored slugger of Chicago, in twelve rounds of their twenty-round encounter before the Century A. C., of Los Angeles, took a big bound up the pugilistic ladder on Oct. 31. He met George Gardiner, the middleweight champion of New England, in a twenty-round bout before the San Francisco A. C., of San Francisco, Cal., and was awarded the decision by the referee at the termination of the bout.

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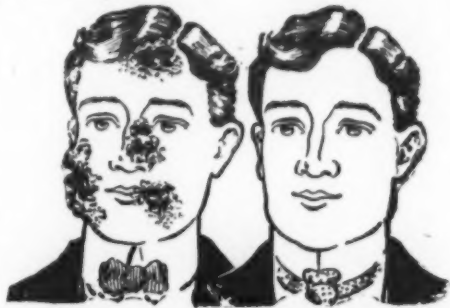
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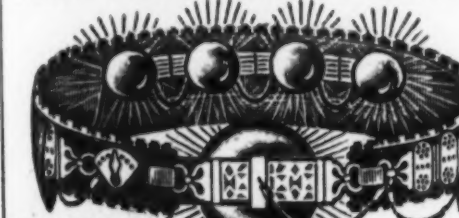
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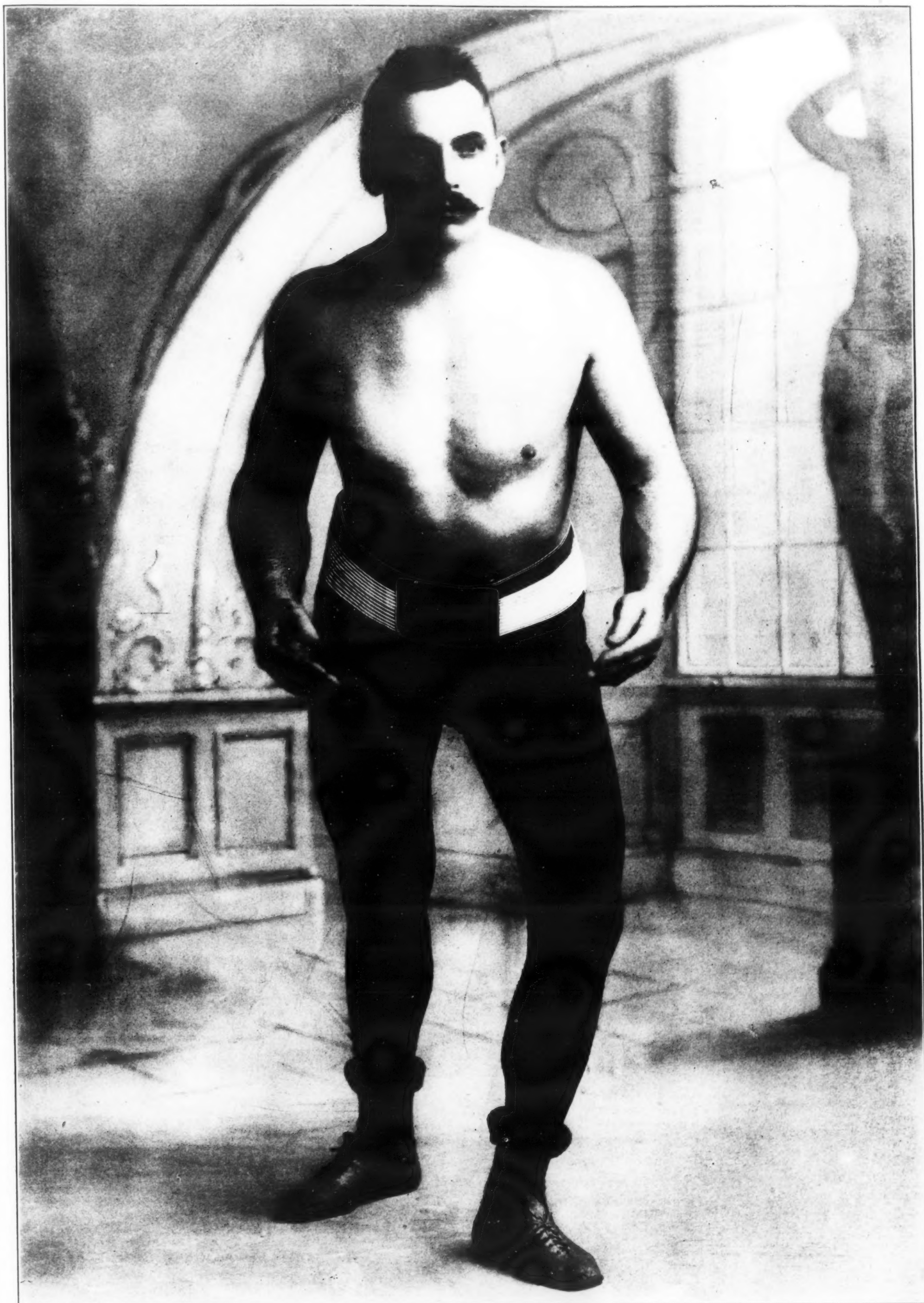


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